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Endless Amount of Time



👁 4 0 1

Chapter 1 by liberty german

Then he was gone. Just in the blink of an eye. All our memories, all our talks about running away together, all of our walks on the sandy beach while we talk and kiss endlessly. Gone. But, this wasn't the first time.

He told me his name was Figman Peters. We met on the beach at our spot. I still remember the smell of his breath, the taste of his lips, even the softness of his hair. But i guess you remember things after you repeat it 365 days of the year. And I mean repeat. Not just doing it everyday. The day laterally repeats. And it absolutly sucks!

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